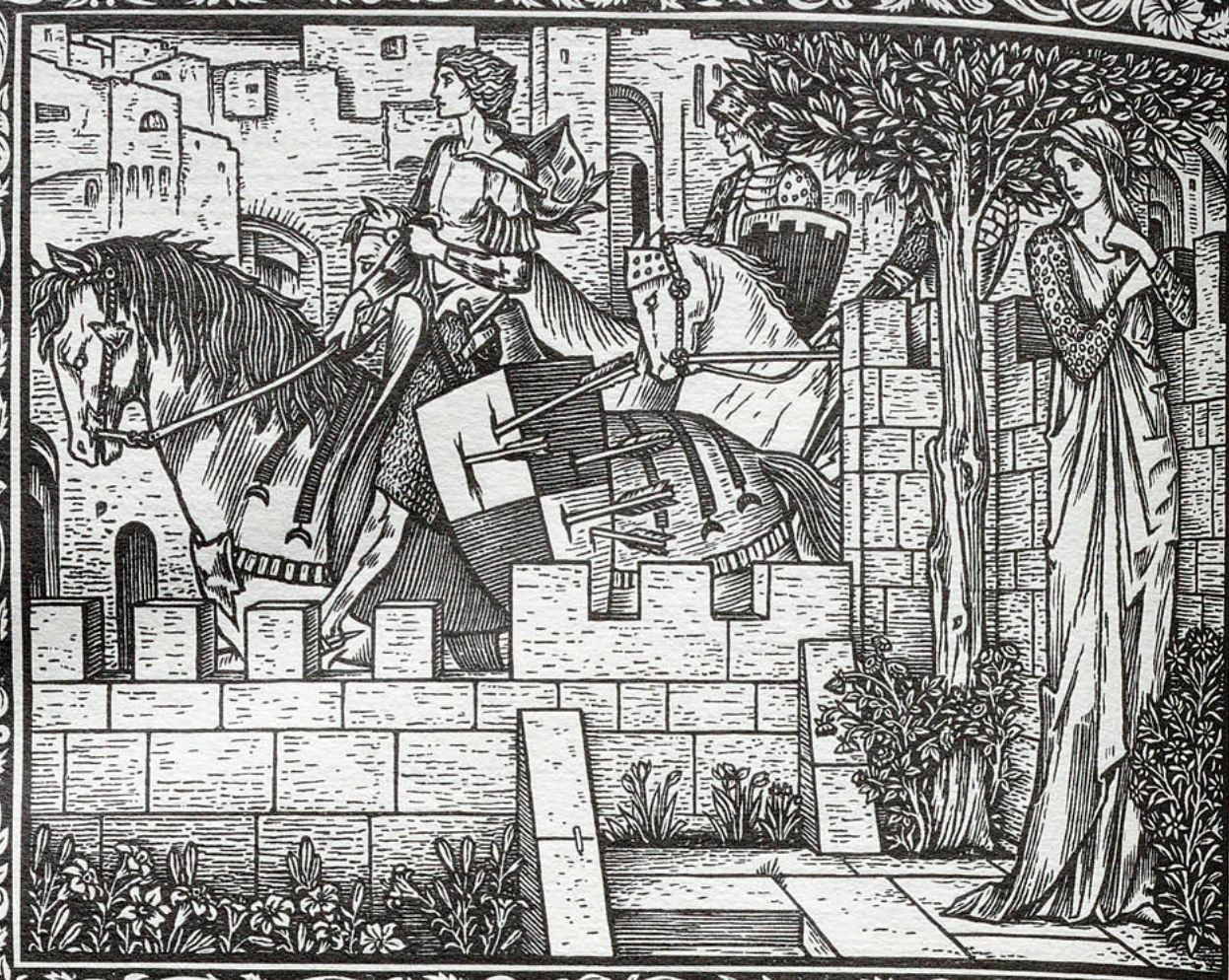




**TROILUS AND CRISEYDE LIBER SECUNDUS.**

*Incipit prohemium Secundi Libri.*



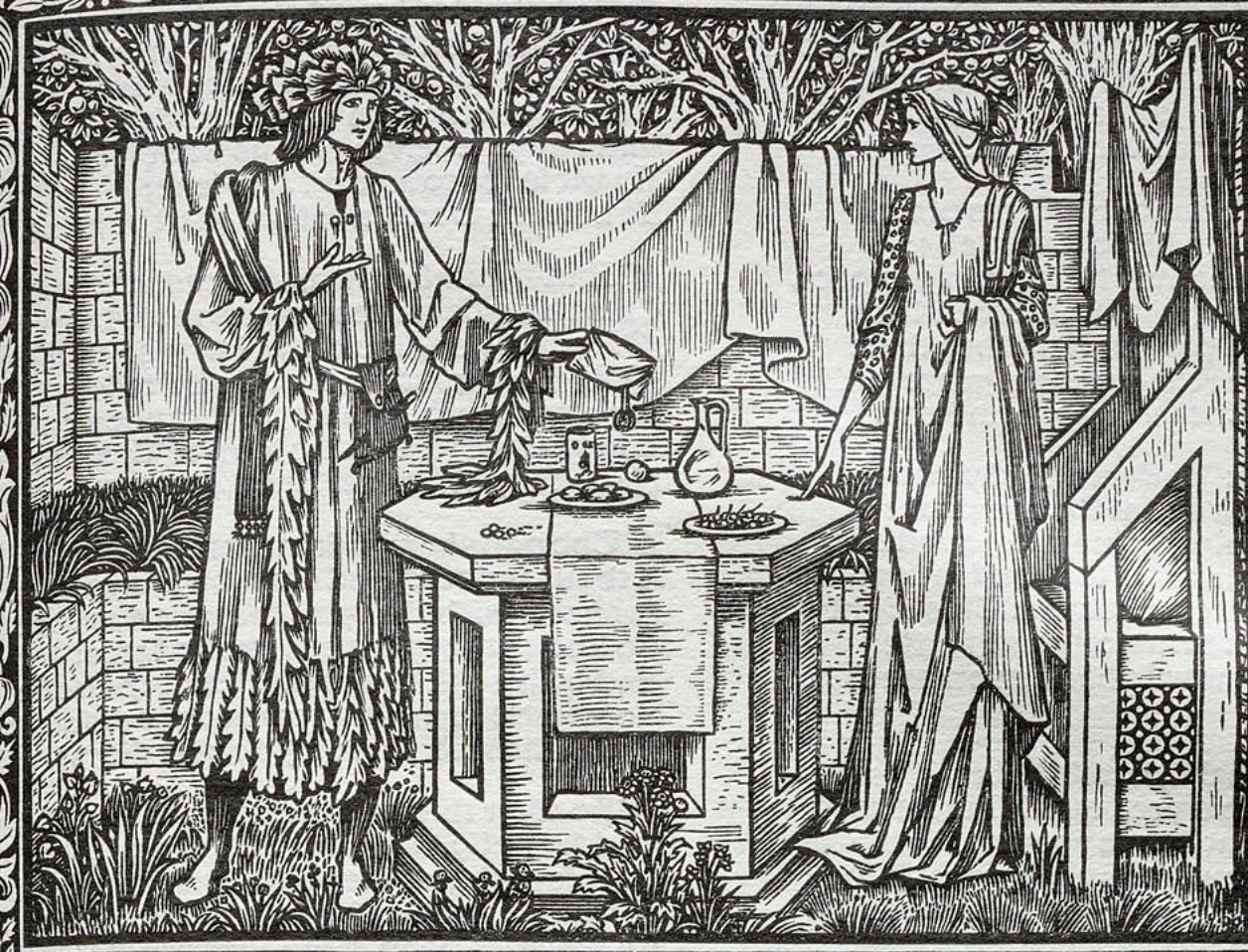
Of these blake waxes for to  
sayle,  
O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere;  
for in this see the boot hath swich travayle,  
Of my conning that unnethe I it stere:  
This see clepe I the tempestous matere

Of desespere that Troilus was inne:  
But now of hope the calendes biginne.

O lady myn, that called art Cleo,  
Thou be my speed fro this forth, & my muse,  
To ryme wel this book, til I have do;  
Me nedeth here noon other art to use,  
for why to every love I me excuse,  
That of no sentement I this endyte,  
But out of Latin in my tonge it wryte.

Wherfore I nil have neither thank ne blame  
Of al this werk, but pray yow mekely,  
Disblameth me, if any word be lame,  
for as myn auctor seyde, so seye I.  
Eek though I speke of love unfelingly,  
No wonder is, for it nothing of newe is;  
A blind man can nat juggen wel in hewis.

Ye knowe eek, that in forme of speche is  
chaunge  
Withinne a thousand yeer, and wordes tho  
That hadden prys, now wonder nyce and  
straunge  
As thinketh hem; and yet they spake hem so,  
And spedde as wel in love as men now do;



*Incipit Liber Secundus.*

**I**N May, that moder is of  
monthes glade,  
That fresshe floures,  
blewe, and whyte, and  
rede,  
Ben quike agayn, that  
winter dede made,  
And ful of bawme is  
fletinge every mede;  
Whan Phebus doth his

brighte bemes sprede  
Right in the whyte Bole, it so bitidde  
As I shal singe, on Mayes day the thridde,

That Pandarus, for al his wyse speche,  
felte eek his part of loves shottes kene,  
That, coude he never so wel of loving preche,  
It made his hewe aday ful ofte grene;  
So shoop it, that him fil that day a tene  
In love, for which in wo to bedde he wente,  
And made, er it was day, ful many a wente.

The swalwe Proigne, with a sorwful lay,  
Whan morwe com, gan make hir weymentinge,  
Why she forshapen was; and ever lay  
Pandare abedde, half in a slomeringe,  
Til she so neigh him made hir chiteringe

Eek for to winne love in sondry ages,  
In sondry londes, sondry ben usages.

And forthy if it happe in any wyse,  
That here be any love in this place  
That herkeneth, as the story wol devyse,  
How Troilus com to his lady grace,  
And thenketh, so nolde I nat love purchace,  
Or wondreth on his speche and his doinge,  
Inoot; but it is me no wonderinge;

for every wight which that to Rome went,  
halt nat o path, or alwey o manere;  
Eek in some lond were al the gamen shent,  
If that they ferde in love as men don here,  
As thus, in open doinge or in chere,  
In visitinge, in forme, or seyde hir sawes;  
forthy men seyn, ech contree hath his lawes.

Eek scarcely been ther in this place three  
That han in love seyde lyk and doon in al;  
for to thy purpos this may lyken thee,  
And thee right nought, yet al is seyde or shal;  
Eek some men grave in tree, som in stoon  
mal,  
As it bitit; but sin I have begonne,  
Myn auctor shal I folwen, if I conne.

*Explicit prohemium Secundi Libri.*